NEW YORK CLIPPER

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CURLING MATCH AT MONTREAL.

MONTREAL has long been noted for its curlers, and as we have devoted considerable space to a description of the game, with a view of its introduction into the States (in which we have been successful, owing to the co-operation and assistance of our old country friends,) we have had engraved a representation of a Curling Match in Montreal, in order that those not clearly posted in the game, may have an illustration of the sport, which a mere description might fail to convey.

THE FOX-CHASE;

AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY T. HAMILTON VANANDA.

CHAPTER I.—THE CHASE.

A BRIGHT morning in June. A June morning on the South Mountain—a branch of the Blue Ridge—in the good old State of Maryland; where the breath of June is soft and balmy as a flitting moon-beam, the evenings calm and zephyry, and the groves musical with sweet-voiced birds.

The shadowy mist from the Catoctin was rising slowly upward, lifted by the sun's rays, veiling the mountain with its transparent vapors, and circling the tree-tops with a halo of purple glory. The matin of the birds loaded the morning air with music, and the rising sun, playing against the mountain's side, lit up the scene in all its varied colors.

A traveller along the National Road may have noticed a fine brick mansion, separated by a deep lawn from the road-side. It is a calm, peaceful retreat, situate at the very base of the South Mountain, embowered in its shade and woodland beauty. This is the residence of Col. Butler, who still occupies it—a relict of the old timed "Lords of the Manor," whose youth commenced in the days when field-sporting was considered a healthful amusement, and gaming recreations no crime. The Colonel, as he is called, has occupied this mansion for many years, and has kept up, until a very recent date, in his community, something of the old-time spirit of sporting.

Upon the morning we have described, a number of fine mettled horses, "perfect in point and sinew," were prancing before the wicket of the lawn, by the road-side, while several men of rude exterior, with silver horns swung over their shoulders, and hunting caps covering their untrained locks, were holding numerous braces of hounds near by.

"Down, Kepler! quiet, you cur!" said one of them, to a grey hound, who was leaping against the fence, in discontented mood, "you are always in mischief; you better keep quiet, for you will have enough to do before night, to follow the Colonel's favorite pets. The "Boss" wagered him, last night; a basket of wine, you would distance them to-day, but I fear, in spite of all my training, you will give in, for Charley and Aggy can beat the devil clearin' of a stile. Aint that so, Hodgeson?"

The man called Hodgeson nodded assent, and, then looking toward the mansion, said:

"Ah, they're coming."

Col. Butler, with half a dozen of his sporting neighbors, emerged from the house, upon the lawn, when he blew a blast upon a small horn hanging by his side. He was a hale, portly gentleman of perhaps fifty years, and standing erect, with the rays of the morning sun glinting his brow, and the mountain breeze lifting his short brown locks, he presented all the manly and soulful benevolence so peculiar to the old-timed gentry.

In answer to the signal of the horn, several grooms and keepers emerged from behind the house, and stood awaiting his orders.

"James, lead Nelly and Gray Beard to the stile. Be quick, I feel impatient for the chase. Johnson, bring out the hounds, and hold Charles and Agnes tight, for they are out of practice and may run wild."

A few moments after, the keeper appeared on the lawn, surrounded by a group of hounds, and holding by the chain two of extraordinary points and color. Agnes was a light fawn color, with a few dark brown spots along her flanks, and a white spot in the centre of her face. Charles was a dark brown, with heavier limbs and footing than his mate, but bearing a sprightly and intelligent look, which rendered him more attractive than the rest.

There was romance in the appearance and names of the hounds. At the window above the portico, appeared, as the keeper led them forth, the bright shining face of a fair girl of sixteen, peering through her veil of flowing auburn tresses, like the moon from between two silver clouds. It was Col. Butler's only daughter, Agnes, after whom the fairest hound had been named. And as that face appeared at the window, a young man, who stood by the Colonel's side, lifted his dark eyes, and threw, with his finger-tips, a kiss to the lovely girl. It was Charles Wentworth, her betrothed lover. Charles was the only son of a wealthy neighbor and friend of her father's, and the colonel, finding him to possess the manly qualities which he most valued and admired in character, no sooner discovered the mutual attachment of the two lovers, than he immediately crowned their happiness by consenting to their union, at as speedy a period as convenient. In his enthusiastic love for what he now deemed both his children, he had called his favorite hounds by their names, and loved them twice as much for the same.

"Be careful, Charles, in your ride," said Agnes, in a voice of touching music, "Nellie is so restive and fractious, I fear to see you mount her."

"Fear not, Aggy, I shall take excellent care, if only for your sake," whispered the young man, aside from the party.

"Come, leave off your cooing now," said the Col., chidingly; "get ready for the chase, Charles; and you, Aggy, see that we have a good supper, on our return. Johnson, take care of those hounds.

A moment afterwards, and the whole party were mounted on a dozen well trained steeds, and went careening up the road. About half a mile up the ascent, they diverged into a mountain path, and branched off towards the "Knob." Having fully entered the mountain, the tethers of some of the hounds were slipped, and they immediately struck out into the forest, snuffing the air with a keen scent, and ever and anon waking the echoes of the mountain, with their deep, peculiar bay. The hunters followed at a reasonable canter, until the pack suddenly broke out in a tremendous volley of bays, when the other hounds were slipt, and the company started the chase in earnest, the spirited mare, Nellie, springing, with its rider, from the start, into the van of the hunters.

Over the rough mountain road, dodging the trees, and leaping the rocks and stumps, swept the gay band of hunters, their gaze straining in the direction of the baying hounds, and their excited blood flushing their faces, and tingling in their veins. From the far distance came the voice of the anxious dogs, following swiftly upon the train of the cunning fox. Foremost in the chase, ran the two favorite hounds—Charles and Agnes—leaping and linking together, as though they, too, were bound by some mystic devotion of their kind. And thus, for many weary, but exciting hours, the chase kept up, embracing a wide section of country, and circling round the "Knob," until the tired fox, almost run down, had well nigh reached its starting point. Then every nerve was strained to be "in at the death," and horse and hound were put out to their utmost exertion.

CHAPTER II.—THE MOUNTAIN BLACKSMITH.

Early on the morning of this day, as Aaron Bixley, a blacksmith, who kept a shop on the "Lower Mountain Road," was beating his iron on the anvil, he heard the baying of the hounds on the upper bridge, and laid down his hammer. Approaching the long window, in which he was wont to hang his horse-shoes, he rested his elbows on the sill, and gazed out upon the mountain.

"Out for a hunt, again!" he muttered, in his rough voice, and with a tone of envy. He was naturally, and without the aid of the cold and dust attending his vocation, a dark, brawny man, with repulsive features, and gigantic form. His age was perhaps twenty-eight or thirty, and his hair, dark and crisped, hanging carelessly about his huge brows, gave him an unusually ferocious and unprepossessing appearance.

A few yards from the smithy stood an old dilapidated cabin, in the front of which, an old hag of a woman was gathering chips.

"I say, mam, the Colonel and his crew are on another grand hunt to-day; don't you hear the dogs?" said the smith, to the old woman.

"Sure an' aint I got ears! What's it to the likes o' you! Stick to your work," said the old woman in a crabbed manner.

"The likes of me! the likes of me!" muttered the rough blacksmith, in a tone of bitter recollection, "that's what Aggy Butler said, when I asked her to love me! The likes of me! Death and h—ll! who is better than Aaron Bixley, the mountain smith! Who's as strong and muscular, as handy and ready in a time of need! Who's more honest too, raised as I was, by an old hag of a mother! They can't say anything against me, unless—unless—that I some times take a little too much. But I would

Continued on last page.

POPULARITY OF THE CLIPPER'S DOCTRINES OF HEALTH.

We find another gratifying evidence of the increasing popularity of our doctrines of "air and exercise" as promoters of health and happiness, in the following sensible extract from a work on consumption by Dr. W. Hall, recently published in this city. No one is better qualified to treat of such matters than the talented and gentlemanly author of this new book, and we take pleasure in numbering him among the most zealous advocates of the Clipper's doctrines of

AIR AND EXERCISE.

No remedy known to men has such a powerful and permanent influence in maintaining or regaining health as the judicious employment of cheerful, exertive exercise in the open air; and, if properly attended to in a timely manner it will cure a large majority of all curable diseases, and will sometimes succeed when medicines have lost their power.

If you have actual consumption, or are merely threatened with it; or if, from some of your relatives having died with it, you have unpleasant apprehensions of its lurking in your own body; or whether, from a diseased liver or disorded stomach or a dyspeptic condition of the system, the foundations of the dreadful disease are being laid in your own person; or whether, by exposure, by over bodily exertion or mental labor, or wasting cares for the present, or anxieties for the future, or by hugging sharp-pointed memories of the past, or by intemperate living in eating or drinking, or by unwise habits or practices in life, you have originated in your own person the ordinary precursors of consumption, such as hacking cough, pains in the breast, chilliness, wasting of flesh and strength, shortness of breath on exercise—under all these circumstances, a proper attention to air and exercise are indispensable aids—are among the principal, essential means of cure, and are never to be dispensed with; confinement to the regulated temperature of a room in any latitude is certain death, if persevered in; and if, from any cause, this air and exercise are not practicable to you, except to a limited extent, it is your misfortune; your not being able to employ them does not make them the less necessary, *and they have no substitute.*

When the body is diseased, it is because it is full of diseased, decaying, dead and useless particles; the object of exercise, as well as of medicine, is to throw off these particles; medicine does it more quickly but exercise more safely and certainly, *if there is time* to wait for its effects. Every motion of the body, every bend of the arm, every crook of the finger, every feeling, every breath, every thought, is at the expense, the consumption, the throwing off, of a greater or less proportion of the material body; all muscular motion implies friction, and where there is friction there must be loss. In proportion, then, as you exercise you get rid of the old useless and diseased parts of the body, and by eating substantial, plain, nourishing food, you supply new, healthful, life-giving particles in their stead; therefore, every step you take tends to your restoration, provided that step be not taken in weariness or fatigue, for then it prepares the way for a greater destruction of living particles, rather than a removal of the old. You will never fail to find that whenever you *overdo yourself*, in the way of exercise, you will feel the worse after it. The exercise must be adapted to the strength, and the rule is imperative under all circumstances. Stop short of fatigue. This applies to mental as well as to bodily operations. But if you say, as many others have said and died, "I can't help it," then you must take the consequences, and responsibilty. If you do not use the means of health, you cannot be cured. If you really and truly *cannot* use them, that inability does not alter the necessity of their observance, nor the effect of their neglect.

Have, if possible, an hour's active, cheerful, willing, out-door exercise thrice a day; this is many times better than three hours' continuous exercise. If you walk, or leave the house, before breakfast, eat first a cracker or crust of bread. Avoid, during warm weather, in the South and West, and in level or damp situations, the out-door air, including the hour about sunrise and sunset. There is no danger usually, even to invalids, in exercising in the night air, if it be *sufficiently vigorous to keep off a feeling of chilliness.* This should be the rule in all forms of out-door exercise, and is an infallible preventive, as far as experience extends, against taking cold in any and all weathers, provided it be not confined to over-exhaustion or decided fatigue. Such exercise never can give a cold, whether in rain, or sleet, or snow, unless there be some great peculiarity in the constitution. It is the conduct *after* exercise which gives the cold; it is the getting cool too quick, by standing or sitting still in a draft of air, or open window, or cold room. The only precaution needed is, to end the exercise in a room of temperature uncomfortably warm when first entered, and there remain until rested and no moisture is observed on the surface.

If working or walking cause actual fatigue then horseback exercise is the next best for both sexes, but if not able, then ride in close carriage, especially in cold weather, or when there is a damp raw wind blowing. You may in the bitterest, coldest weather, secure for yourself the most favorable of all circumstances for recovery—that is, a cool, dry, still atmosphere, by riding several hours a day in a close carriage, well and warmly clad, with your feet on bottles of hot water. The atmosphere of the carriage will not become impure but to a slight extent, as the cold fresh air is constantly coming in at every crevice at the sides and below, while the warm, used air, rises to the top, and is expelled by the more powerful currents from without.

It is a laborious business to spend hours every day in exercising, for the mere sake of the exercise; therefore, if possible, devise means of employment, which will combine utility with your exercise. The reader's ingenuity may devise methods of accomplishing this, adapted to his condition and the circumstances by which he is surrounded. Some trim, or bud, or graft fruit trees, work in a garden, cultivate the vine, or flowers, or plow in fields, free of stumps and stones, thus requiring no great effort, yet a steady one, which can be left off at any moment, and followed more or less energetieally, so as to produce a very moderate degree of perspiration on the forehead, without fatigue; others saw wood, visit the poor and unfortunate, drive cattle, collect accounts, obtain subscriptions, sell books, distribute tracts, ride on agencies. The great object is, useful, agreeable, absorbing, profitable employment in the open air, for several hours every day, rain or shine, hot or cold; and whoever has the determination and energy sufficient to accomplish this, will seldom fail to delight himself and his friends with speedy, permanent and most encouraging results; and be assured, that these alone are the persons who can rationally expect to succeed in effectually and permanently warding off the disease when seriously threatened, or in arresting its progress permanently.

FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

Mr. Courtenay, of Balleymond, County Cork, Ireland, member of the Killkenny Hunt Club, recently performed a most extraordinary feat of horsemanship, in accordance with the terms of a wager, laid with a brother club member. Mounted upon his grey horse, White Lyon, he rode into the club-house, up two flights of stairs, into the reading room, twice around the table, leaped the fire screen, set purposely in the way, and down stairs again! The horse never made one false step, even in going down stairs, which is the most difficult feat a horse can perform, especially in this instance, where the steps were plated on the edge with strips of brass. If White Lion's hoofs had touched one of these plates, he must surely have slipped, and the consequences would have been fearful.

HORSE GROUP.

A FANCY SKETCH.

REST FOR THE WICKED.

We find the following parody upon McKay's "Tell me, ye winged winds!" going the rounds:

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Wherp women fret no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some "holler" in the ground,
Where badies never yell,
And cradles are not found?
The loud wind blew the snow into my face,
And snickered as it answered—"Nary place."

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Knowst thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
A place to smoke in peace,
Where crinoline is not,
And hoops are out of place?
The loud waves, sounding a perpetual shout,
Stopped for a while, and spluttered, "Yeou get eout!"

Tell me, my secret son!—
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From women, girls, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where females never go
And man may dwell in peace?
Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings, and answered, "Yes, in Heaven!"

HISTORY OF ONE OF OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

Judge Hopkinson gives the history of his famaus song—"Hail Columbia"—in the following interesting manner: "The song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable—Congress being then in session at Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people were divided into parties for the one side or the other—some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with *Republican France*, as she was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents, were forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher—I think, not so high—as it did at that time on that question. The theatre was then open in our city. A young man belonging to it, whose talent was a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me in the afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following day. He said he had no boxes taken, and the prospect was, that he should suffer a loss, instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song, adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' then the popular air, he did not doubt a full house; but that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it was, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the season; the song being encored, and repeated many times during each night, the whole audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States."

A QUIET SHOT.

It is generally supposed that the Indian is an exceedingly cunning being, unrivalled in the peculiar knowledge of the woods. This is something of a mistake. The Indian has the quick perception and the natural sagacity of one who lives in the woods; but it never surpassed, if it equalled, the acquired knowledge and perception of the pioneer hunter. On one occasion, in a sort of block-house, an old hunter of the pioneers was standing in a door, when the cry of a wild turkey was heard at some distance. A youth stood by the hunter, able to bear a rifle, who, with youthful impetuosity, exclaimed, "There is a turkey—I'll go and kill it." The hunter listened a moment, and said, "No, you are not a good shot. I'll go and give you the turkey." The youth demurred, but was at length persuaded. The hunter crept in an opposite direction from the cry. Slyly he made his way through the bushes, and at length came behind the spot where the cries of the turkey were heard; and concealed by low bushes and brush, came up a ravine. There, before him, in the limbs of a tree, was a large Indian, who was imitating the cries of a wild turkey, to decoy some one from the block-house. The hunter shot him and took his scalp. Arriving at the block-house, he threw it down before the youth, saying, "There is your turkey!" The youth was filled with gratitude for his escape.

A DOG STORY.

Mr. Henry S. Ackerman, of Portsmouth, has a small black spaniel, who will eat metallic substances like an ostrich, and seems to prefer that sort of nourishment. At home, if a lady chances to lay a dress within his reach, he will gnaw off all the hooks and eyes, or buttons, and eat them; and pick up and swallow all the pins, tacks, small nails, and the like, which he finds laying round—and he always seems to be hunting after such things, too. It takes him some time to swallow a pin, as he bends it into a sort of coil first; and he frequently tries to eat needles in the same way, but never swallows them, because he can't bend them up. At a shoemaker's shop, where his master is employed, he finds rich picking in the tacks, brads, and small nails laying round, and which he picks out of old boot and shoe heels. If an old pair of pants, or other garment, is laid down, the dog makes a feast on the buttons. Shingle nails he is especially fond of, and he bolts these without attempting to bend them. Sometimes he tries to swallow a shoe knife, or some such article, but he has never succeeded as yet—probably when he does, it will be his last meal.

This dog has eaten such substance for years, without apparent detriment to his health—though, of course, they do not digest in the least degree, and he requires other food. The story is told by the Portsmouth Chronicle.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

The St. John, N. B., *News*, is responsible for the following curious dog story: A few days since while passing through Portland, we saw a crowd of persons assembled not a great distance east of the residence of the Rev. Mr. Harrison. On going up we observed a horse and sleigh standing in the middle of the road, and a large dog in front *refusing* to let the driver proceed. Every time the man touched the horse and the animal began to move, the dog seized him by the nose. This strange proceeding is thus accounted for. A few weeks since the owner of the horse and dog died, and the horse was sold to the man who was trying to take him home. The dog was determined not to part with his old companion, and so the man came to a dead halt in the middle of the road, and the driver was obliged to sit still. We passed on after waiting for about half an hour to see the upshot of the matter. How they got on afterwards we did not learn, but it is likely the difficulty was settled before night-fall.

DISCOVERIES OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

The discoveries within the last fifty years are among the most remarkable which have resulted from the activities of the human intellect.

The first steamboat was launched by Fulton in 1807; now there are some *three thousand* steamboats riding the waters of America alone.

The first railroad put in motion in Massachusetts, was in 1825; now they cross each other all over the State.

There was not a single railroad in the world, in the year 1800; now there are in the United States alone, 8,797 miles of rails, and not far from 20,000 miles in England and America. It is estimated that the railroads in this country have cost some $285,000,000.

In 1843, the electric telegraph had a beginning, and now the wires extend in all directions.

In 1821, the electro-magnet was discovered.

Hoe's printing press, doing its work with almost human intelligence, is a discovery of quite recent date.

In 1836, gas light was unknown; now it is used almost everywhere.

In 1839, Daguerre made known to the world his beautiful invention.

Gun cotton and chloroform are discoveries still in their infancy.

Astronomy has added several new plannets to the solar system, and Science has contributed its fruits to the discoveries of the age.

In view of these results, well may we ask, with Bishop Clark, what may not the next fifty years accomplish in the various departments of useful industry.

[Fall River Monitor.

SEWING MACHINE EXTRAORDINARY.

"The needle gun," a late invention by Mr. C. D. Schubarth, of Conn., can be loaded and fired in six seconds, by the watch. The hunter goes in the woods, or the warrior to battle, untrammeled and unburdened with flask, horn, shot or bullet bags, caps, percussions or wadding. His cartridges include all, and can be adjusted in a moment, ready for use. It is loaded at the breech, the powder is ignited at the top of the cartridge, consequently consuming all, and generating the full explosive power without waste of powder or gas.

PADDY SHANNON, THE BUGLER.

Paddy Shannon was a bugler in the 87th Regiment—the *Faugh-a-Ballaghs*—and with that regiment, under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, served all through the Peninsular campaign. When the campaign was over Paddy had nothing left him but the recollections of it. His only solace was the notice taken of him in the canteen. It is no wonder, then, he became a convivial soul. From the bottle he soon found his way to the halberts.

The regiment was paraded, the proceedings read, and Paddy tied up. The signal was given for the drummers to begin, when Paddy Shannon exclaimed:

"Listen now, Sir Hugh. Do ye mean to say you are going to flog me? Just recollect who it was sounded the charge at Borossa, when you took the only French eagle ever taken. Wasn't it Paddy Shannon? Little I thought that day it would come to this; and the regiment so proud of that same eagle on the colors."

"Take him down," said Sir Hugh, and Paddy escaped punishment.

A very short time, however, elapsed, before Paddy again found himself placed in similar circumstances.

"Go on," said the Colonel.

"Don't be in a hurry," ejaculated Paddy, "I've a few words to say, Sir Hugh."

"The eagle won't save you this time, Sir."

"Is it the eagle, indeed! then I wasn't going to say anything about that same, though you are, and ought to be proud of it. But I was just going to ask if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who, when the breach of Tarifa was stormed by 22,000 French, and only the 87th to defend it, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who struck up "Garryowen to glory boys,' and you, Sir Hugh, have got the same two towers and the breach between them upon your coat of arms in testimony thereof."

"Take him down," said the Colonel, and Paddy was again unscathed.

Paddy, however, had a long time of service to go through and a good deal of whiskey, and ere another two months he was again tied up, the sentence read, and the assurance from Sir Hugh Gough that nothing would make him relent. Paddy tried the eagle—it was of no use. He appealed to Sir Hugh's pride and the breach of Tarifa without any avail.

"And is it me," at last he broke out, "that you are going to flog? I ask you, Sir Hugh Gough, before the whole Regiment, who know it well, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who picked up the French Field-Marshal's staff at the battle of Vittoria, that the Duke of Wellington sent to the Prince Regent, and for which he got that letter that will be long remembered, and that made him a Field Marshal into the bargain? The Prince Regent said, 'You've sent me the staff of a Field Marshal of France; I return you that of a Field Marshal of England.' Wasn't it Paddy Shannon that took it? Paddy Shannon, who never got rap, or recompence, or ribbon, or star, or coat of arms or mark of distinction except the flogging you are going to give him."

"Take him down," cried Sir Hugh, and again Paddy was forgiven.

"MAKES IT UP OFF DE GEMMEN."

An Editor on his Travels.—One of our brother editors has been traveling some, and relates how the barber made a "dead-head" of him.

"While on board a steamer, a fuzz grew rather long than was agreeable, and we repaired to the barber-shop to have it taken off. The fellow did it up in first-rate style, and we pulled out a dime and proffered it to him as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with considerable pomposity:

"'I understand,' said he, 'dat you is an editor?'

"'Well, what of it?' said we.

"'We nebber charge editors nufin!'

"'But, my woolly friend,' we continued, 'there are good many editors traveling now-a-days, and such liberality on your part, will prove a ruinous business.'

"'Oh, nebber mind,' remarked the barber, 'we make it all up off de *gemmen*.'"

The aforesaid editor remarks, that thereupon he incontinently sloped.

TIME! TIME!!

An exchange says, that M. —— came home late one night from "meeting," and was met at the door by his indignant spouse with the usual reprimand on such occasions—the same probably used by Mrs. Noah, when her husband staid late at the vintage:

"Pretty time of night, Mr. ——, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family."

"'Tisn't three—it's only one, I heard it strike; Conscience always sits till one o'clock."

"My soul! Mr. ——, you're drunk—as true as I'm alive you're drunk. It's three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. ——, it's one. I heard it strike one, as I came round the corner, *two or three times.*"

His spouse could say no more; so she retired.

OYSTER HOUSE CRITICISM.

A wag writing from Albany, a few days since, says he went to see Mrs. McMahon act. Listen to him: "I saw her in Paw-line, in which some one else was Clarissa. Nothing can describe the enthusiasm of the audience when she appeared. The men shouted in a manner that reminded me of the pit of the National Theatre, in New York, and the women smiled loudly, in a manner which showed that they came near laughing. When the 'debautante' opened her mouth, the silence was so profound, that a twenty-four pounder had been fired off in the building there is not a person present but would have heard it distinctly. When she concluded, so delighted were the men, so frenzied the men, so wildly enthusiastic was the body, that the whole audience rose to their feet as a man, and—left the theatre. She achieved a great triumph."

RATS AND THEIR LOVE OF WATER.

When rats have once found their way into a ship, they secure as long as the cargo is on board, providing they command the great necessary—water. If this is well-stored, they will resort to extraordinary expedients to procure it. In a rainy night they will come on deck to drink, will even ascend the rigging to sip the moisture which in the folds of the sails. When reduced to extremity they will attack the spirit-casks and get so drunk that they are unable to walk home. The land-rat will, in like manner, gnaw the metal tubes which, in public-houses, lead from the spirit-store to the tap, and is as corpulent on these occasions as his nautical relation. The water-rat race have a quick ear for running liquid, and will constantly eat into leaden pipes, and, much to the astonishment, receive a douche bath in consequence.—*Quarterly Review.*

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOG.

Some genius has caused the followed advertisement to be inserted in the Coloma *Argus*:—"Every Man his own Dog!—Any one will be informed, by addressing at the Coloma Post Office, (in person or by letter,) and inclosing the address with fifteen dollars, how to get and raise out a dog. Where it is preferred, a cash remittance in advance will answer the purpose, the remainder fifteen to be paid when satisfaction is given that the whole is a humbug.

They Stand It Like an Ox.—"The constitutions of our females must be excellent," says a celebrated writer, "for, take an ox, or a horse, and enclose him in corsets, and he would labor, indeed—but it would take his breath."